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TRIED AND TRUE.

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23. MISS MADCAP. A comedietta in one act. Two male, one female characters. Time, twenty minutes.
24. THE DARKEY WOOD DEALER. A farce in one act. Two male, one female characters. Time, twenty minutes.

(OVER.)

TRIED AND TRUE

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY

J. R. FURLONG

PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT, WITH THE CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAMS OF THE STAGE SETTINGS, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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NEW YORK
HAROLD ROORBACH
PUBLISHER

1890

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TRIED AND TRUE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ROBERT BRUCE, *alias* STUMPY JOE,	*A Young Sailor in search of his Sister.*
MUGGINS, *alias* TRUTHFUL JAMES,	*A New York Boot-black. From Hohokus, N. G.*
ELLIOT GREYTHORNE,	*The "Vampire."*
JAMES JACKSON, SNAKY JIM,	*His Coadjutors.*
GEO. WASHINGTON POLLUX,	*Of the "Red Light" Saloon.*
OLD BRUCE,	*Good hearted, but weak.*
POLICEMAN,	*Useful and ornamental.*
LILLIAN BRUCE,	*Robert's sister.*
BELINDA JANE MONTROSE,	*A Flower girl.*
KATE,	*The forsaken.*

TIME OF PLAYING.—TWO HOURS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—At the "Red Light" saloon.—One of nature's (colored) noblemen.—Muggins strikes a reg'lar gold mine.—The Vampire's plot —A weak minded old man.—A game of bluff.—"You are the thief, and I will prove it!"—Belinda Jane in search of her sweetheart.—A division of spoils.—Robert Bruce on the track.—"Dat gal takes de oysters."—Lillian's misfortune.—The compact of friends.—The Vampire defied.—Greythorne wins another trick in the game.—"When Muggins goes back on you, look for him in de cemetery!"

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ACT. II—The Vampire's rendezvous.—Kate, the unfortunate.—Truthful James of Hohokus, N. G., makes a few observations.—"Stumpy Joe," the new pard.—In the Vampire's toils.—"Now, Elliot Greythorne, we will balance accounts."—The underground cell.—The winning hand.—Lillian's despair and Kate's story.—The Vampire's ultimatum.—"Trust me, and we will baffle this villain yet."—Muggins proves to be the right bower.—"Oh, how I wish I could swaller myself!"—Snaky Jim's little game.—A struggle for liberty and life.—Recognition.—Tableau.

ACT III.—Once more on familiar ground.—"Dat missus ob mine, she's a dandy, she is."—Old Bruce in a new dress.—Belinda's good fortune.—Robert and Lillian.—"Christmas, it's Belinda!"—A horrible tail.—I've brought home scalps enough to cover a hair trunk."—Belinda and Muggins compare notes.—The Vampire at his old game.—Greythorne's last chance.—"Dat's right, bust de whole business!"—Muggins comes up smiling.—"If he proves as true to you as he has been to us, you will have no cause to complain."—The Vampire again.—Kate's history—Father and son.—"You've been dancin' de devil's hornpipe for a long time, and now de ole gent is going to pass round de hat."—The Vampire's pal pulls a trigger.—Greythorne's game is up.—Strange disclosures.—Righting a wrong.—A happy reunion.—TRIED AND TRUE.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*—Table and three chairs at R. 2 E. Chinese lanterns across stage in 3 G., and about stage. Drinks off L. 2 E. Money for JACKSON and GREYTHORNE. Razor, tray, cigar and matches for POLLUX. Locket for old BRUCE. Knife for GREYTHORNE. Pistol for ROBERT. Pack of cards concealed in GREYTHORNE'S waistcoat. *Scene 3.*—Furniture as per scene-plot. Writing materials, book and lighted candle on table in L. room. Candle on table in R. room. Placard, "*Muggins Esq.*," on back of door R. F. Newspaper and matches for MUGGINS. Handkerchief, slung shot and letter for GREYTHORNE. Loaf of bread, a ham, two plates and a broken plate, knives and two tumblers in cupboard.

ACT II.—Pack of cards. Lunch, bottle and glasses on tray, off L. 2 E. Old telescope in carpet-bag, for TRUTHFUL. Knife and shovel for ROBERT. Knife on table. Knife, pistol and whistle for GREYTHORNE. Pistol and stiletto for KATE. Gag and pickaxe for MUGGINS. Gags and cards for SNAKY JIM and JACKSON. Knife, pistol, locket (same as that used in Act I.), and small box containing jewelry, for SNAKY JIM. Whistle off stage. Furniture as per scene-plot.

ACT III.—Furniture as per scene-plot. Basket, with turkey and lettuce, for POLLUX. Mail-bag and packet of letters for BRUCE. White patch and dog's tail for MUGGINS. Slung-shot and knife for GREYTHORNE. Locket in JACKSON'S pocket. Club and document for POLICEMAN. Bell to ring off L. 3 E. Feather duster. Books, etc., on table. Ring in case for MUGGINS. Card for POLLUX to bring on. Pistol (loaded) for JACKSON. Locket for GREYTHORNE.

COSTUMES.

ROBERT BRUCE.—*Act I;* Sailor's suit. *Act II;* disguised as "STUMPY JOE," seedy suit of clothes, sandy whiskers. Walks lame. *Act III;* Neat suit, with black cutaway or Prince Albert coat.

GREYTHORNE.—Stylishly dressed, with change for each act. Clothes not exactly in good taste, but rather "loud."

MUGGINS.—*Act I;* Dressed as a bootblack—very seedy and eccentric. *Act II;* Disguised as "TRUTHFUL JAMES"—Farmer's ordinary costume. *Act III;* Very flashy attire, high collar, bright colored necktie and high hat.

JACKSON.—Old black suit, Prince Albert coat, slouch hat, full beard.

SNAKY JIM.—Old suit of every day clothes.

OLD BRUCE.—*Act I;* Old suit of dark clothes, grey and straggling wig and beard. *Act III;* Letter-carrier's uniform, hair and beard neat.

POLLUX.—*Act I;* Waiter's jacket and apron, *Act III;* neat cutaway suit.

POLICEMAN.—Uniform, club and shield.

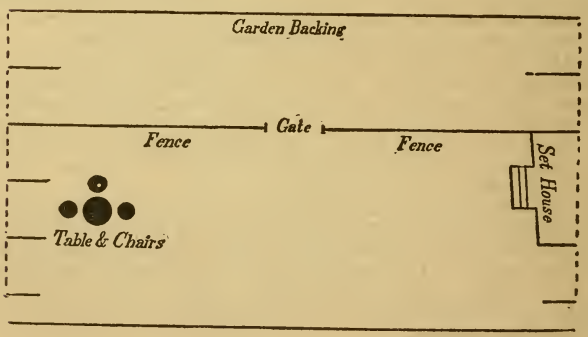
LILLIAN.—*Acts I and II;* Plain dark attire. *Act III;* neat walking suit.

KATE.—*Act II;* Plain dark attire. *Act III;* neat dark walking suit.

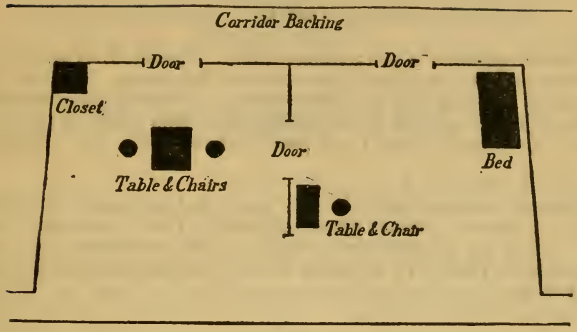
BELINDA.—*Act I;* Bright light suit, with white apron, collar and cuffs. Carries flower basket. *Act III;* Very stylish attire.

STAGE SETTINGS.

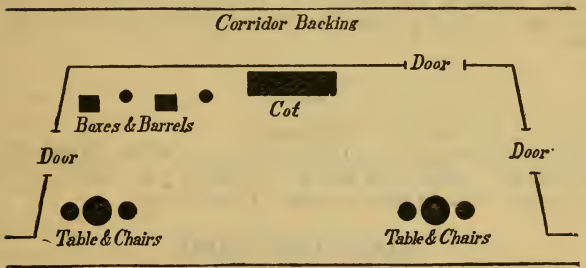
Act I, *Scene I.*



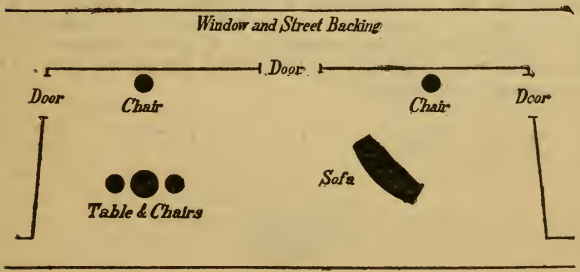
Act I, *Scene 3.*



Act II.



Act III—*Scene 2.*



SCENE PLOT.

Act I.

SCENE I.—Garden in 5 G.; foliage wings. Cottage or set piece L. 2 E., representing a door leading to the interior of the saloon. Balustrade running across the stage in 3 G., with opening C. Chinese lanterns swinging across, from R. to L., in 3 G., and hanging from other available parts of the scene. Table and 3 chairs (R., L., and back of it) at R. 2 E. Lights full up.

SCENE 2.—Street in 1 G.

SCENE 3.—A double plain chamber boxed in 4 G., backed with corridor in 5 G. Partition C., running back to the flat. Door in partition. Doors R. F. and L. F., opening upon corridor. Table and chair R. in L. room. Bed L. in L. room. In R. room, a table C. with chairs R. and L. of it; closet up R.

Act II.

Cellar or plain chamber boxed in 3 G. Corridor backing in 4 G. Door in flat, L. Doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Old tables and chairs L. C. and R. Cot bed up C. Several empty barrels and packing boxes up R., to hide behind.

Act III.

SCENE 1.—Street in 1 G. Door in flat.

SCENE 2.—Parlor in 3 G. backed with window backing which shows a street beyond. Doors C. in flat, R. 3 E, and L. 3 E. Sofa L. C. Table and two chairs R. C. Chairs up stage. Carpet down.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or back scene; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the foot-lights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

TRIED AND TRUE.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—*Garden—full stage—exterior of the "Red Light" saloon—lights full up—at rise of curtain* POLLUX *is discovered busying himself about the stage—*JACKSON *is seated at table,* R.*—lively music for curtain.*

Jackson. Here, Coffee!

Pollux. Coffee? (*to* JACKSON) 'Scuse me, are you distressing your conversation to me, sah?

Jackson. You don't suppose I'm talking to myself, do you? Bring me a beer and be quick about it.

Pollux. All right, sah! Beer it is. (*goes to door of house, calls out* "One beer!" *and goes in at once and brings it out*)

Jackson. (*after* POLLUX'S *exit*) Stylish nigger that! I wonder what keeps Greythorne?

Pollux. (*speaks on entering*) Hyar you is, sah. Ten cents if you please.

Jackson. What for?

Pollux. Five for the beer, and five for the waitah.

Jackson. (*hands money*) Never mind the waiter. Bring me five cents change.

Pollux. 'Scuse me, sah, but dere's no change to come.

Jackson. No change! You thieving black——(*grabbing hold of* POLLUX *to force money from him*)

Pollux. Hold on, boss! If you're going to raise such a fuss about five cents I'll give you a nickel.

Jackson. What! do you mean to insult me?

Pollux. No, sah? 'Scuse me. Never insult customers intentionally, sah. I's too much of a gen'l'man, for dat—'deed I is. G. W. Pollux ob de "Red Light" is one ob nature's noblemen—you hyar me! I's a brack diamond, I is! And de ladies dat know me call me de "dusky Appoller!"

Policeman. (*puts head out from behind house, taps on side of house with club to attract* POLLUX'S *attention, beckons him over to him and whispers in his ear*)

Pollux. All right, sah. (*goes to door, calls out*) One beer for a sick gent outside, and he says be sure and make it a schooner. (*glass of beer handed out of door—to* POLICEMAN, *who is not seen, but takes glass from* POLLUX) Don't forget to bring back de glass, will yer? (*pause, glass returned empty*) How is de sick gent now, sah? (*as if to* POLICEMAN *behind house*) Better, eh! Glad ob dat! (*looking at* JACKSON—*to audience*) 'Dere's de fellow dat called me Coffee. Now, to get square on him. (*to* JACKSON, *who has gone up, during scene between* POLLUX *and* POLICEMAN, *as if expecting* GREYTHORNE) Say, my friend, 'scuse me, but your visits to dis 'stablishment am getting to be too close apart. An' as dar am an ordinance in dis ward dat all de tenants must place dere garbage on de sidewalk, I's fresh orders from de mayor dat if you don't vacate de premises immejitly, or sooner, dat I's to remove you in sections.

Jackson. Why, you infernal——

Pollux. No back talk. (*quickly catches* JACKSON *by seat of trousers and back of neck and runs him off upper entrance, where he butts* MUGGINS, *who is just entering, in the stomach*–MUGGINS *falls, jumps up and kicks* JACKSON, *who utters a howl and* exits—POLLUX *walking up and down proudly*) Dat's de time I got eben wid his lordship, and if dat fellar comes in hyar agin' I'll sweep his brains up in a shovel. (*pulls razor from pocket and cuts hair*)

Muggins. Say, look here Mahogany, what kind of a reception do yer call that for to give a young feller as comes in for to patronise de bar—say?

Pollux. 'Scuse me, sah, 'scuse me, sah! Did I hurt yer?

Mug. Hurt, me! Who was that ragbag anyhow?

Pollux. (L.) Why hallo, Muggins, is that you?

Mug. (R.) It's my remains! Did you see that snoozer butt me in de stomach when I come into de door? Oh! He's knocked my supper plum out of focus! But I got square on him. De next time he tackles me he'll have de rear part of his trowserloons lined with sheet iron. But say, George Wash., what are you goin' to have? Ask all your friends inside up. It's my treat.

Pollux. (*goes to door and calls off*) Everybody take a drink on Muggins!

Omnes. (*inside*) Hurrah, for Muggins!

Pollux. Why Muggins, what's up!

Mug. Why, de greatest racket in de world. I'm in luck! Struck a reg'lar gold mine!

Pollux. Tell us about it. (*sits,* R.)

Mug. (C. *of stage*) Well, I was down by the Hoboken Ferry looking for a job, and I was a running over my part in my head —you know I'm an actor now—yes! sir! In de Grand Duke Theatre. Well, I was running over my part in de new drammy what we're agoin' to put on next week, "Dropped in de Sewer, or

de Swim for Life," and I'd just got to de lines—"Den Opodildoc said unto Plum Duff 'strike!'"—when somebody struck me on de side of de ear wid a bad apple. Oh! Dat's de wust earful I ever got in my life. I ain't heard a thing wid dat ear since! I looked across de street and dere was wooden legged Jimmy a jumpin' up and down and yellin' like an idjiot! "Hallo, Muggins!" says he. "Hi, Jimmy!" says I. "Come quick, Muggins," says he, "dey's a human bein' in mortial agony." "I'm with you, Jimmy," says I; and off he run and me after him into de Hoboken ferry house, and say, George, dere was about a hundred people standin' round seein' a man drownin'! "Muggins," says dey, "you're just the feller. Jump in and save him." "Why don't yer jump in yourself?" says I. "Oh! *We'd* spoil our clothes," says dey. "Well," say's I, "my clothes ain't de best in de world, but if my coat was made of gold and my pants was diamond studs, I couldn't stand by and see a poor man drown. Hold my coat Jimmy," says I, and in I went. Well, George, I pulled him out; he was a poor old cove nigh on to sixty years old, and when I got him out ov de water he couldn't speak, so dey took him away in an ambulance! And I was sneakin' out of the ferry for to get away from de crowd, when dere was a sailor chap come along and grabbed me by de hand and say's he, "my boy, you're a brave lad and I hope to see you again!" And away he went! And say, George, I opened my hand and dere, as big as life, was a ten dollar note. Oh, George, dat feller had a heart as big as a barn-door!

Pollux. Well, Muggins, you're a brick! (*rising*)

Mug. And my father was a bricklayer. But say, I must be goin'. Dat gal of mine is a waitin' for me. I promised to take her to de theatre to-night, Erastus!

Pollux. 'Scuse me, Mr. Muggins, dat's not de appelation given me by my progenitors.

Mug. (*faints on* POLLUX) Oh, knock me endless! (*to audience*) He's swallered a dictionary! Say, if you're a talkin' to me, shoot lower down, 'cause I don't comprehend your slapsus slinky as we say in Hong Kong!

Pollux. I say my name is not Erastus. My name is George Washington Pollux, Esq., as you know.

Muggins. George Washington Pollux, Esq. Say, are you any relation to de hatchet man ov de same name?

Pollux. Have a cigar, Muggins, and stop foolin' wid dis colored gen'l'man.

Muggins. (*trying to light cigar*) Say, what kind ob a cigar is dis? "Colorado Spec?"

Pollux. No, sah, dat's a seed Havana, dat is.

Muggins. Go way! What are you givin' me—wind? Dat never seed Havana.

Pollux. Muggins, sing us a song—the one you sung at the Grand Duke's last night.

Muggins. All right, I will oblige. (*song can be introdnced, or recitation, after which* GREYTHORNE enters, C.)

Mug. (*sees* GREYTHORNE C.) Hallo, boss! Say, what are you going to have? It's my treat to-night!

Greythorne. I don't drink with ragamuffins!

Mug. Oh, knock me endless! Did you hear dat? (*to* POLLUX) Don't drink with ragamuffins—My eye, ain't he tuff!

Grey. (*aside*) This fellow's evidently a favorite with the people here! I'll have to humor him. (*to* MUG.) Well I don't mind if I do drink with you—waiter, bring me a port wine negus!

Mug. I guess not, you're too late—de shop is closed and de shutters is up. Say, if you want any port wine niggers around here you'll pay for 'em yourself—I've got no money to throw away on a travelling clothesrack like you!

Grey. (*threateningly*) What's that?

Mug. (*tips hat à la Mose*) Travelling clothesrack, dat's what I said! Say, George Wash., get on to that nose ; if it ever struck in t'would kill him, sure. (POLLUX *laughs*) Well, good-by Wash.—dat daisy of mine is a waitin' for me ; I've been away two hours and she'll think I've sloped wid some other gal! If I don't see you again, " par de coo! "—" Den Opodildoc said unto Plum Duff—Git! "

Exit MUGGINS, C.

Grey. (*seated at table*, R.; *clock strikes ten, off* R. 1 E.) Jackson should have been here long ago! I wonder if he will be able to induce the old man to come! If I can only fix it to have the flimsies put on him, I can then manage the daughter! She will not consent to marry me, ha! ha! She shall be forced to it! Once the old man is settled, I can easily manage her! But where the devil can Jackson be? I'm getting anxious! Here, waiter, (*to* POLLUX) make me a hot rum!

JACKSON enters C., *goes to* GREYTHORNE—POLLUX *starts for drink, pauses, exchanges looks with* JACKSON, *and waits for other order —then* exits *for drinks.*

Grey. (*to* JACKSON) Well, what news?

Jackson. He'll be here! I've fixed it all right.

Grey. Good! Have something?

Jackson. I don't mind! Mix me up a hot scotch (*to waiter*) see! (*pointing to* GREYTHORNE)

Pollux. Yes, I see. His nose looks like Clepatrix needle! (exit *into house for drinks*)

Grey. Jim, I want you to do the planting of the dust as soon as you get a chance. And while he's at the cards you cry out that you have been robbed. A search will follow, the money will be found on the old man, and that will cook him for a while at least. You understand?

Pollux. (entering) Here you is, gemmen! (*brings drinks; biz;* GREY *pays for drinks*)

Jackson. Yes, yes! I understand perfectly! But my money is sure when the job is done?

Enter OLD BRUCE, C.; *very shaky.*

Bruce. (*aside*) What if I should lose to-night! (*takes locket from pocket*) This necklace! I took it from my daughter Lillian as she lay sleeping, that I might try my luck at the cards once more. If I win to-night, I'll never play again—never!—I cannot lose, no no, I cannot lose—ah my darling child, it is all for you—all for you.

Grey. Ah Bruce! So you're here at last, are you? Well, what will you have?

Bruce. I want something strong—something to steady my nerves—give me some brandy!

(POLLUX *goes* L., *and returns with brandy*)

Grey. (*sees locket*) Why Bruce, what's that?

Bruce. It is my daughter's locket. I want to raise money on it! I must have it, and there was no other way!

Grey. Go into the bar; they will advance you something on it!

Bruce. Yes, you're right, thanks! thanks! (*goes into house*)

Grey. How much of the stuff have you with you?

Jackson. About a hundred dollars.

Grey. All right. Are any of the boys here to-night?

Jackson. None.

Grey. Here comes Bruce. Now, then, be sure of your game!

Jackson. Ah, you leave that to me.

Bruce. (entering *from house, speaking*) It's no use. They'll not advance me a penny. They won't run any risk, they say.

Grey. (*seated at* R. *of table*) Well, old man, I'll loan you twenty-five dollars on it.

Bruce. Thanks, thanks!

Grey. I suppose you want to get square on me for last night's work? (*gives* BRUCE *money*) Here you are—ten—five—ten—twenty-five.

Bruce. (*to* POLLUX) Bring the cards, quick! (*handing locket to* GREYTHORNE)

Pollux. Here am de picture book. (*handing cards to* GREYTHORNE; *they sit at table;* GREY, R., BRUCE L., JACK. C.)

Bruce. (*aside, seated* L., *of table*) I must surely win to-night—I feel I shall win!—and then Lillian, my darling child, I swear off forever! (JACKSON *goes round table and puts money in* BRUCE'S *pocket—music pp., till end of scene*)

Grey. (*dealing cards*) Come, Bruce. Cut for deal. (*biz*) My deal! (*biz*) Play! (*play*) I'll bet you two on this hand! (*lays money*)

Bruce. I call you! (*covers money*)
Grey. Two of a kind!
Bruce. I beat you! (*shows hand, takes money*)

Enter ROBERT BRUCE, C.; *goes to table where players are, and watches game—they play and bet high.*

Grey. I see you that five and go you ten better.
Bruce. (*nervously, aside*) I cannot lose—no, no, with this hand it is impossible! I'll see your ten and make it fifteen better!
Grey. What! you're getting reckless, Bruce. Well, confound it, I can't stand out in the cold—I think old man you're giving me a bluff!
Robert. (*who has been watching game back of table*) Excuse me for intruding, but don't you think you're giving this poor old man a bluff?
Grey. You attend to your own affairs. Here, I see the fifteen and go you twenty-five better.
Bruce. I've only twenty left.
Grey. Well, I see you twenty then! (*lays money*)
Bruce. (*very nervously*) I call you!
Grey. I've got just four little kings!
Bruce. I have lost! lost! (*head falls on table*—GREY *reaches hand to take money when* ROBERT *suddenly places hand over pile in a defiant manner*)
Robert. Stop! Would you wrong a poor old man like this? You know you've been cheating. (GREY *springs up hastily*) Cheating! Perhaps it's the last dollar he has in the world! Shame upon you!
Grey. Do you know what it is to deal with a man of my stamp? It is death!
Robert. Death, you coward! Yes it is death—sure death to those like this old man, those who cannot defend themselves! (*snatches cards from* GREY'S *vest*) See, how you would wrong this poor old man!
Grey. You shall pay for this! (*starting up*)
Robert. At any time, or place, convenient to yourself. (*takes money from table*) Here, sir. (*about to hand money to* BRUCE, *who raises head and looks at* ROBERT) What, father, you here? Can this be possible! (JACKSON *goes down* R. *of* GREY.)
Bruce. (*surprised*) Robert! my son! (*biz*)
Grey. (*aside to* JACKSON) Give the word now, quick!
Jackson. I have been robbed! robbed!
All. Robbed! (*general confusion*)

Enter POLICEMAN, L.

Jackson. Yes, robbed! Of all my money!
Robert. Come father, let us leave this place!

Grey. Stay! Stay at least until that man—the one you are so proud of—be searched.

Jackson. Yes, search him. (*starts to do so*)

Robert. (*defiantly*) Stand back! He is my father; and the first that dares to lay so much as a finger on him, must answer to me with his life! If he must be searched *I* will search him!

(*searches*)

Grey. (*aside*) Now for a surprise.

Robert. (*finds money*) Father, what does this mean?

Grey. It means that your father is a thief!

Robert. You lie! Father, speak! Say that this charge against you is false.

Bruce. I am innocent, Robert. I swear it.

Robert. I believe it, father, and will prove it, with the help of Heaven.

Grey. What do you mean?

Robert. I mean that this is your work! (GREYTHORNE *pulls knife, and starts for* ROBERT—ROBERT, *draws pistol and holds him at bay*—POLICEMAN *puts his hand on* BRUCE'S *shoulder, as if to arrest him*—POLLUX *at door of saloon looking on, and* JACKSON *looking on triumphantly—quick curtain.*

Positions.

BRUCE. POLICEMAN.

ROBERT. JACKSON.

GREY. POLLUX.

Scene 2.—*Street in 1st Groove.*

Enter BELINDA, L. 1 E.

Belinda. Goodness, gracious! Here it is after eleven o'clock. I wonder where Muggins can be! I've spent the whole blessed evening round here looking for him. He said he'd be at the house at seven o'clock and take me to the theatre, and here I've neglected my business and haven't sold a bouquet to night. Ah, he's like all the rest of the boys—you can't believe a word they say! Exit R., *runs into* MUGGINS.

Mug. Hello Belinda, is that you?

Bel. (*very curtly*) Yes, it's me!

Mug. I'm glad to hear it!

Bel. You're a nice young man!

Mug. Of course I am. I can't help being handsome, I was born that way. I can't walk along the street in safety.

Bel. I don't doubt it. Oh, you villain!

Mug. I ain't no villain.

Bel. What are you?

Mug. Mamma's boy.

Bel. Mamma's boy! You must be a back number. I've been hunting after you this whole blessed evening.

Mug. Go way, you don't say so! Say, I've been tryin' to knock a hole through the door of that Mulberry street mansion of yours for the last two hours.

Bel. Thought you was goin' to take me to the theatre to-night?

Mug. Well, so I was, but you wasn't in.

Bel. No, I went out to look for you!

Mug. Did you find me?

Bel. Why, of course I didn't?

Mug. No, I s'pose I must have got out of sight just before you saw me! But say, Belinda, where are you going to-morrow night?

Bel. Nowhere, why?

Mug. Why, 'cause I want you to go to a hop wid me.

Bel. A hop! Oh isn't that lovely! Where is it, Mug?

Mug. Hardlyable hall! It's Jim Donavan's sore ear and it's a comin' off to-morrow night.

Bel. Jim Donavan's what?

Mug. Jim Donavan's sore ear—s-o-u-r-e-r-e—sore ear!

Bel. Oh that isn't sore ear; it's French, Mug, it's swarry!

Mug. Is it? I thought 'twas sore ear; well, my early edification has been somewhat overlooked! But say, will you go?

Bel. Will I go! Well you bet I will.

Mug. Belinda, all the rustycats ob de city is a goin' to be dere, and you and I have got to sing for them. So what do you say we rehearse our song now?

Bel. As the Bowery boy says—"I am wid ye." (*song introduced;* exeunt)

Enter GREYTHORNE *with* JACKSON, *after song.*

Grey. Well, the old man is out of the way—for the present at least—and very cleverly we did it.

Jackson. I'm glad you're satisfied; and now I've done my part, it only remains for you to do yours.

Grey. What do you mean?

Jackson. Why, the money. You promised to pay me as soon as the job was finished.

Grey. Yes, yes, so I did. Well, it's too late to take you to my house to-night. Come to-morrow at twelve o'clock and we will settle.

Jackson. Twelve o'clock. I'll be there, never fear. I need the money too much to stay away. Exit, R. I E.

Grey. (*looking after him*) And you will find an empty cage. Everything goes swimmingly. The old man is out of the way.

now for the girl. Confound that young sailor! He calls the old man his father; then Lillian must be his sister. Well, if he gives me any trouble, I'll soon fix him. Ha, ha, ha! I should like to see Jackson's face to-morrow when he calls for that money at twelve o'clock. Ha, ha, ha! Exit, R. I E.

Enter ROBERT, L. I E.

Robert. Where can he have gone? I tracked him as far as the square below, but there lost sight of him! He cannot escape me, for I will seek no rest until I have hunted him down and proved my father's innocence. Some one is coming this way. Why, its the chap I saw at the ferry this morning.

Enter MUGGINS *backward, looking off* R. I E.

Mug. Dat gal takes de oysters! She's de kind ob a gal to fight injins for! "Den Opodildoc said unto Plum Duff, strike!" (ROBERT *comes down and strikes him on the shoulder*) Hey! Why, hallo boss, is dat you?

Robert. Good evening, my lad! Talking to yourself?

Mug. No, sir, I was rehearsing a part! I'm an actor sir, in de Grand Juke Theatre, and we're going to play a new piece. Come up and see it. The theatre isn't elegant, but it suits de patrons. I'm de leading man.

Robert. (*laughing*) Yes? How large a salary do you draw? (*looking at* MUGGINS' *clothes*)

Mug. Oh, we don't have no salaries; we work de commonwealth racket—share and share alike! Poor biz last week. My share for de week was six cents, and consequentially de wardrobe has to suffer! But say, boss, I want to thank you for all dat money what you gave me to-day!

Robert. Never mind thanking me; you deserved it, my lad, and much more. But tell me, did you see a man pass here just now—dressed—(*explains* GREY'S *dress*)

Mug. No, but I saw a feller got up in dat style of toggery up in de "Red Light" dis evening. I know him well!

Robert. You do! Tell me, what's his name?

Mug. Well, I can't say as I ever axed him dat, boss; but I know where he lives when he's home! He's de leader of a tough crowd—I've heard some say he's a counterfeiter.

Robert. Good! Can you take me there?

Mug. Why, cert! But it's too late to go dere to-night! Besides, we'll have to go disguised.

Robert. All right. But where can I find you in the morning?

Mug. I'll come to your hotel, sir, wid de disguises. Where do you put up?

Robert. I arrived in port this morning, and had intended sleeping aboard to-night.

Mug. Where does your vessel lay?

Robert. On the other side of the river.

Mug. Well, say Cap, you can't go way over dere to-night. Lookee here! You can come and put up with me if yer like. 'Tisn't much of a place, but you're welcome!

Robert. (*takes* MUG.'S *hand*) My lad, I like your face. It looks like an honest one.

Mug. I hope so sir, cause it's all I've got.

Robert. I've a sister here somewhere in New York, and am anxious to find her. I had no time, to talk to my father, as they hurried him off to jail, and they will not let me see him till after his examination before the magistrate.

Mug. Is he in limbo?

Robert. Yes, arrested this very night, and by some scheme of this villain.

Mug. How so?

Robert. He induced my poor father to play cards, and by cheating, won his last dollar. I happened into the place and saw it all! Not satisfied with cheating, he accused him of stealing money and had him arrested. While I was attending my father, this fiend made his escape. So I will go with you. Where do you live?

Mug. Oh 'tain't far; only two blocks. Come along. You couldn't miss de house, cause my name is on de door in big letters chalked up wid a blacking brush! Exeunt R. I E.

Scene 3.—*Double apartment—very poor*—LILLIAN *discovered in room* L., *writing at table, by candle light—lights half down.*

Lillian. *There!* I have just finished writing a letter to dear brother Robert, stating that he will find us here, as we have changed our lodgings since his last was sent. Ah, how delighted I shall be to see him safe at home again! Home! Can I call this home? (*sighs*) Well, perhaps we shall not always be so poor! But where can father be? It must be after eleven o'clock. Oh, how terribly he has changed of late! Drink! drink! What a curse you are! It was so different when Robert was home. Dear Robert, where are you to-night? (*sighs*) This Mr. Greythorne, what a bitter curse he has been to us! The trouble in the bank, father's discharge! It broke poor mother's heart. Dear mother! Why, where is my locket? (*feels for it*) It is gone! Who could have taken it? Father? No, no, surely he would not. And yet he may have taken it for money to gamble with. I will go out and see if he can be found. (*putting on things*)

Enter MUGGINS *and* ROBERT, *room* R.

Mug. Here we are, boss, dis is de place; small but convenient. I don't like a big room, 'cause I'm apt to lose myself in some of de corners. (*lights candle*)

Lillian. How long will this misery last and when will it end?

Exit, *door in flat.*

Mug. Did you see my name on de door? (*opens door,* LILLIAN *passes*)

Robert. (*reads*) Muggins Esq. So that's your name?

Mug. Yes, dat's my nom de plummy as de newspaper fellers say!

Robert. What's your christian name?

Mug. My what?

Robert. Why, your first name!

Mug. Muggins. That's the first name I ever had.

Robert. Oh, your *first* name's Muggins is it? Well, what is your surname—(MUGGINS *scratching head*), your last name—eh?

Mug. Oh, my last name? Muggins!

Robt. Muggins can't be your first and last name too.

Mug. Yes it is. Muggins is de first, last and only name I ever had!

Robt. Impossible! What was your father's name?

Mug. Never had none, leastwise so far as I know!

Robt. But your mother, surely you had a mother!

Mug. Oh, no I didn't! I'll tell you boss; I reckon I'm a kind of a puzzle. I never had no father nor mother; and how I got into dis world is a mist'ry. De fust home I remember was an old box down by de Washington market; but say boss, what's your name?

Robt. My name is Robert Bruce, but my *friends* call me Bob!

Mug. Well, I'm only a poor bootblack; but I should like to call you Bob!

Robt. You mean you want to be my friend? (*takes hand*) Well, from what I've seen of you, I've an idea that I've found a friend that I ought to be proud of.

Mug. Lord, Bob! I'm getting hungry. I forgot all about it! Let's see what's the bill of fare. (*goes to cupboard at back*) Ha! look here! (*brings out bread and ham and two plates*) Now then, to spread de banquet! Ah, we must have a table cover. What's dis? (*takes uewspaper from pocket*) Der *New York World.* Dis will do fust class! Dese table covers won't stand washing, but the beauty of de ting is you can have a new one every meal. (*tears off corner*) Here Bob?

Bob. What's this for?

Mug. Dat's your snapkin! Oh, hold on, I forgot de plates. Here you are. Two on 'em. I might almost say three (*shows broken plate*); dat's for de children! Mounseer, squat-a-voo! (*they sit*) Place de electric light in de centre of de table. (*puts candle in middle of table*) Christmas! I forgot de glasses. (*gets them*) Ah! Dis *is* toney, isn't it! Bob, what'll you have to drink?

Anything you like now. De firm is wealthy! Say, Bob, dis is a wonderful meal!

Bob. How so, Muggins?

Mug. Because we have delicacies from all parts ov de world.

Robt. Oh, the newspaper. Very clever! Who's living in the next room, Muggins?

Mug. A young lady, Bob, and a reg'lar out and outer she is too! She lives there with her old father; and say, it's my private opinion that if ever dere was such a thing as an angel on dis earth, she's one on 'em. Why, sometimes she meets me in de hallway goin' up or down stairs, and de way she says "good mornin'."—Oh lord! Why my heart thumps agin' my ribs like a forty-horse power engine.

Robt. She's your sweetheart, I suppose, eh?

Mug. What, she? Bless you, why she wouldn't wipe her old shoes on the likes of me, I should think not. My daisy lives in Mulberry street, and she's de queen of de ward too, chalk it down! But de angel in de next room, *she's* a *lady*, she is!

Robt. You're very enthusiastic, Muggins; I should like to see her. What's her name?

Mug. Christmas, Bob! I never axed her. It's all I can do to say good day, and den I nearly go through de hole in de stairs!

Enter LILLIAN, D. F. L.

Lillian. I have searched everywhere and can get no trace of him! Where can he have gone? Heaven grant that no harm has befallen him! (*knock at door*, L.) Ah! There he is now! (*goes to door and opens it*—Enter GREYTHORNE) Mr. Greythorne! (*chord*)

Grey. You will pardon this abrupt intrusion, and the untimely hour of my visit; but a message of the utmost importance compelled me to seek you at once!

Lillian. Speak sir, what do you mean!

Grey. Your father is——

Lillian. My father—speak; what of him?

Grey. Your father is——(*pause*)

Lillian. Dead! (*screams and faints in* GREY'S *arms*)

Robt. Say, Muggins. What was that!

Mug. It sounds like de angel in de next room!

Grey. I will let her think him dead. Confound it! She has fainted in my arms!

Robt. All's quiet again. What can it mean?

Mug. Mum's de word, Bob; perhaps we may hear it again.

Grey. How beautiful she looks! By jove, it almost unmans me! Confound it, I'm acting like a child! (LILLIAN *revives*) Be calm, Miss Bruce!

Lillian. How can I be calm! My father dead, and I left here alone! Oh Robert, my brother, where are you to-night! (*sobbing*)

Grey. Miss Bruce—Lillian! Listen to me; you have always treated me as your enemy. I swear to you that I am now here as a friend! Lillian, I love you. Be my wife!

Lillian. Would you add to my misery by asking me to become your wife? Hear me out, Elliott Greythorne; rather would I beg my bread from door to door than marry you!

Grey. What! You defy me, do you!

Lillian. Defy you, yes! Leave this house, and never show your face to me again. (*music pp. hurried till curtain, then forte*)

Grey. You'll not yield to my entreaties, hey? Then I must use force, for I'm bound to have you if I swing for it! (*he seizes her—they struggle*—LILLIAN *cries for help*)

Robt. It sounds like a woman calling for help. Muggins, I'm going to see what the trouble is. **Exit** ROBERT, D. R. F.

Mug. Go ahead, Bob, and if dere's a scrimmage, count me in!

Grey. Voices in the next room; ah, the light! (*puts out light*) Now to silence you, my beauty. (*takes handkerchief from pocket, and in doing so, drops letter on floor; puts handkerchief over* LILLIAN'S *mouth*) Now to get away from here! (*as he reaches door,* L. F., ROBERT **enters**)

Robt. Hold! Who are you? What was that cry?

Grey. Out of my way, you fool! (*hits* ROBERT *on head with slung shot and* **exit** *with* LILLIAN, D. L. F.)

Robt. (*staggering to chair*) That voice! Surely I have heard it before. Yes, I remember; it was at the saloon! It is the very man I am looking for. It is so dark I cannot see. The door (*trying door*) is locked. The wretch has escaped me. Muggins, where are you?

Mug. (*knocking on door in partition*) Say, Bob, open de door!

Robt. It is locked!

Muggins. (*at door*) The door is locked and the willain bolted. Hold on a minute, Bob. (*takes large knife from table*) Dis key will open de door. Don't make a noise, for if de landlady hears us, she'll come up wid a shotgun. (*forces door open and* **enters** L. *room*) What's de matter, Bob, are you hurt?

Robt. No, it's nothing. A slight hurt, that's all. He clipped me on the head.

Muggins. Say, Bob, dat gal was an angel. See, here's her prayer-book.

Robert. (*takes book, looks at fly-leaf*) Great Heavens! Muggins, it is my sister's. (*staggers*) My father arrested; my sister abducted! I see it all! This is more of that villain's work! Now I understand why he had my father arrested—to get him out of the way, to commit this outrage. But I will foil him yet. Now to find this Elliot Greythorne! Will you help me, Muggins?

Muggins. You said I was your friend, Bob, and when Muggins goes back on you look for him in de cemetery.

Robert. (*taking* MUGGINS' *hand*) We will hunt him down together, and when we meet face to face, I swear to be avenged for the wrongs he has done me.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene.—*Cellar or plain chamber—the scene represents a dive—two or three persons can be discovered playing cards, etc.*—SNAKY JIM *and* JACKSON *discovered.*

Snaky Jim. Wall pards, this same fellow were not many leagues away from here when I run agin him. Wall, he bowed and scraped like a French dancing-master, axed about the weather and all that, till we got acquainted like; so I axed him where he were going, and he said he were bound for no place in 'tickler; and as he seemed to be of the right sort, why I axed him down here to become one of us! So Jackson, if he should drap in when I ain't 'round, use him purty! He calls himself Stumpy Joe!

Jackson. We'll use him the best as we know how; won't we, pards?

Omnes. Ay, that we will.

Snaky. (*at door in flat looking off* R.) Hallo! Here's Kate! Sh!

Enter KATE, *door in flat* L.

Kate. (*to* JIM) Where is the Vampire? Has he returned yet?

Snaky. No, miss, he ain't turned up yet! We're expecting him every minute. He sent word that he'd be here to-day. He has a girl with him.

Kate. Girl! What girl?

Snaky. Why, the one he went after.

Kate. Oh! He has her with him has he? (*aside*) He shall not have her long if I can prevent it. (*to* JIM) When he comes, let me know; I wish to speak with him. Do you hear?

Snaky. Yes, miss!

Kate. I wish to see him on business. Exit KATE, *door* R.

Snaky. May I be chawed up, but that woman's a tartar! Them eyes ov hern go through yer like a streak of lightnin'. I wouldn't be in the Vampire's place and have a leach like that a hangin' to me for a fortin'!

Jackson. Nor I! She'll send him into kingdom come some of these fine days. She hates him wuss nor the devil himself!

(TRUTHFUL JAMES *heard off* L.)

Truthful. (*off* L.) Halloa!

Snaky. (*going to door*) Hallo! Boys, thar's a strange voice; there's somebody comin' this way.

Truth. (*still off*) Hallo, there!

Snaky. Let's see what he looks like! Halloa! Who the devil are you?

Enter TRUTHFUL, *door* L.

Truth. Wall, a friend I reckon, Square, so far as I know! I'm registered in the family Bible as James Doolittle, but everybody to hum calls me Truthful James.

Snaky. (*down* R. C.) Wall come down here James, till we have a look at ye. (*he comes down*) Whar do ye hail from?

Truth. (*down* C.) Wall, I'm originally from Hohokus, N. G.; but I've been a wanderin' 'round this 'ere place till I conjure 'twould puzzle human natur' in general and myself in particular to tell whar I vote from at the present writin'.

Jackson. (L., *turning him round*) Wall, a queer old party you are, Truthful. What are you lookin' arter?

Truth. Wall, at the present moment I'm lookin' arter most anything in the shape of fodder firstly, and a rascally nephy of mine as left his home and run off down here to the city, gol darn his skin, in the second place!

Snaky. Wall stranger, you've a face on you as looks like ther wasn't much pizen in it; give us your fist.

Truth. Pizen! Wall, I reckon not! But say, Square, speakin' ov pizen, you ain't got a drop ov gin nowhere about your clothes, I spose?

Snaky. Plenty on it!

Truth. Dew tell! Wall, now look here Square, I'll make a trade with ye! I'm reckoned the greatest singer and story teller in the country whar I belong. Now you boys are fond ov a song I 'spose!

Jackson. Yes! A song! Out with it!

Truth. Now I'll sing you a song and you shall fill up my bottle and gimme a snack of lunch; what do ye say? Is it a trade?

Jackson. Shake, stranger, it's a go! I'll git the provender while you're a singin' your ditty!

Exit JACKSON, *who returns with lunch which he sets on table*, L. C.

Truth. Yer see boys, this pesky nephy of mine ran away from home nigh onto ten years ago; and we ain't heerd a word on him till here about a month ago, when he writ a letter home to my old

woman sayin' he were here in New York a scoopin' out a fortin'.

Snaky. And you're here a lookin' for him, hey?

Truth. Bull's eye the first time, by gosh! You've struck it Square, presactly! Ye see, crops to hum hev been pretty good this season, so my old 'oman, Nabby, she kinder conjured I'd better come here and try to find him about a little matter ov money as was left him by his Uncle Zebidee. Wall, I ruther liked the idee myself 'cause I could see him, and mebbe find a customer for my patent rotary pump handle at the same time—here, lemme show this pump handle. (*takes from satchel an old telescope which he is about to display*)

Jackson. Never mind the pump handle; what's his name?

Truth. Patent rotary pump handle. Works without a sucker.

Jackson. Hang your pump handle! What's your nevvy's name?

Truth. Oh! I thought you were a speakin' of my pump handle. His name when he left home, were Bijah Doolittle; what it is now I can't presume to say!

Jackson. (*to* SNAKY) Did ye ever hear of Bijah Doolittle in these parts?

Snaky. Never.

Truth. Jes' so. I didn't s'pose ye had! I've travelled nigh on to thirty hours round this place an' I hain't struck nobody what's hearn tell on him yit! 'Twouldn't surprise me if he has got himself in trouble. Howsomdever, I've 'bout made up my mind to give up the sarch and make tracks for Hohokus, N. G.

Snaky. Hohokus, N. G! Say, truthful, what's N. G. for?

Truth. Whar did you go tu school, Square? N. G. stands for New Jarsey, accordin' to my 'rithmetic; and the Lord willing, I'll make tracks for there at the earliest possible time.

Jackson. Wall, Truthful, the boys are waitin' for that song.

Truthful. A little more of that pizen, and I will oblige. (*drinks; song introduced*)

Snaky. (*after song*) Wall, that war a good one! Arter that we must have a drink, sure! You won't shirk the critter?

Truth. When I do, call the parson, for there's a funeral about to be held! (*whistle heard off stage*)

Snaky. (*going to door in flat*) Ha! what's that? (*at door*) See, it's Stumpy Joe, the new pard!

Enter STUMPY JOE, *door in flat; he comes down* C.

Snaky. So you found your way, did ye? Wall, you're right welcome. Shake! (JOE *shakes hands with him*)

Joe. I'm much obliged for the welcome, boys, and hope to prove, by my actions, that I am worthy of your confidence. I'm not as strong as I might be, but after I have an hour's rest and a

little to eat and drink, you will find me fit for any work you may have on hand, from the passing of a counterfeit bill to the killing of an enemy.

Snaky. (*to* JACKSON) Can he suspect we handle the queer?

Truth. Wall, boys, I reckon I'll be peelin'out. (*goes up to door in flat*) Oh, I forgot. (*coming down to* JOE) Say, Square, (JOE *goes to him*) You haint seen nothin' ov my nephy Bijah Doolittle around these parts, I 'spose?

Joe. (C.) No, stranger. (*aside*) Is everything all right?

Truth. (L C., *aside*) Tight as a drum, Bob!

Joe. Are you sure?

Truth. Sure! Ask me if I'm sure this nose belongs to me. (*aloud*) Ain't seen him, hey! Wall, I didn't s'pose ye had! (*goes up*) Wall, boys, all over, as we say in Hohokus, and if ever you come that way don't forgit to call on Truthful James of Hohokus, N. G., the man as couldn't tell a lie! (*all laugh, &c*)

Exit TRUTHFUL, *door in flat.*

Jackson. Wall, he are a good un!

Snaky. That song were the boss, no mistake! But say, what do you say to a game of cards?

Jackson. Aye, that's the business! Joe, will you take a hand in?

Joe. I'll take a hand in by and bye! (*whistle heard off* L.)

Snaky. Sh! Here he is now!

Joe. Who?

Snaky. (*looking off*) The Vampire! The gal is with him! Come boys, let's sherry! Exeunt, L.

Joe. Now for work; Lillian must be saved.

Exit L., *after others.*

Enter GREYTHORNE, *door in flat, leading* LILLIAN; *they come down* R.

Grey. There, you can rest now for awhile!

Lillian. Have you in your heart no touch of pity, that my tears, my entreaties will not move you? You see me a poor defenceless girl; why will you torture me in this way?

Grey. Because you are obstinate. Because you will not consent to become my wife!

Lillian. Your wife, never! If you will not give me my liberty, why not kill me and end my suffering?

Grey. Come, this is no time to spend in idle talk! We'll try and find something to eat! What ho there, Kate! (LILLIAN *sits at table*, R.)

Enter KATE, *door* R.

Grey. Kate, bring us some refreshments, and be quick about it. (KATE *starts*)

Lillian. You need not trouble yourself. I could eat nothing.

Grey. Then go in there, (*pointing to door* R.) and rest awhile. (exit LILLIAN, *looking after her*) Bah! she's a fool! If I'd thought she'd have given me so much trouble, I'd never have given her a thought. (*to* KATE) Leave us.

Kate. (*who has crossed* L. *of* GREYTHORNE, *watches him; aside*) I'll watch you, Elliot Greythorne, never fear. (exit, *door in flat* L., *but returns at once and stealthily conceals herself behind barrels or boxes in* R. U. *corner*)

Grey. (*with back to door where* KATE *exits*) I don't like that woman's look. I'm afraid she means mischief. Well, let her try it. I've gone too far to retrace my steps now. I must see it to the end. Exit, R.

Enter ROBERT, *door* L.

Robt. That wretch has Lillian completely in his power. What can I do to save her? Whatever it is it must be done quickly.

Grey. (*inside*, R.) Come, stop this whimpering, or I'll find means to make you.

Robt. Oh, I can stand this no longer! (*about to rush toward* GREYTHORNE—KATE *comes between*—ROBERT *pulls knife*) Who are you? Speak!

Kate. A friend! What would you do?

Robt. Protect her.

Kate. What, you know her then?

Robt. Know her? Woman, she is my sister!

Kate. Your sister!

Grey. (*inside*, R.) Come, I've changed my mind. I don't feel safe here, we will leave at once.

Robt. They are going to leave here at once. I must prevent it; but how?

Kate. I must leave you, for should he see me here he would kill me.

Robt. Go, and Heaven bless you. (exit KATE, L.; ROBERT *goes up stage, partly conceals himself behind box, and watches scene*) Now, Elliot Greythorne, we will balance accounts.

Grey. (*inside*, R.) Come, enough of this nonsense—come, I say. (*throws* LILLIAN *out on stage*) Don't be a fool. (*takes her hand and tries to force her along; she grabs knife from table and takes stage* L.)

Lillian. Hold! Do not attempt to cross me.

Grey. Bah! Afraid of a woman? We'll see about that, my fine lady. (*starts for her*)

Robt. (*coming down*) Stand back! Another step and you are a dead man!

Grey. Who are you?

Robt. A man!

Grey. You whelp! I'll teach you not to interfere with my work. I'll make short work of you. (*jumps at* ROBERT; *struggle*—MUGGINS enters *during struggle, door in flat, grabs* GREYTHORNE *by right hand and throws him to* L. *corner*—enter SNAKY JIM *and* JACKSON, *door* L.—*they seize* ROBERT *from behind and secure him* —MUGGINS, *attracted by the noise, turns to assist* ROBERT, *is struck from behind by* GREYTHORNE, *who has him likewise secured—this business should be done clean and quick*)

Grey. (*after* ROBERT *and* MUGGINS *are secured*) So, Jackson, this is the new man you spoke of, is it?

Jackson. Yes, cap.

Grey. You should be more careful. (*to* ROBERT) Here, show your face. (ROBERT *does so*) If you could read faces as well as I, you would never have had him here. There is a devil lurking in his eye.

Robert. Then it is a reflection of yourself.

Grey. No insinuations, or I'll send you into eternity sooner than I intended!

Robt. You are like a snake in the grass—a crawling reptile. You strike in the dark—afraid to meet your foe face to face. You strike from behind. Such a man should be branded a coward. (GREYTHORNE *draws knife and rushes toward* ROBERT) Strike if you dare!

Grey. (*lowers knife*) No, I have a worse fate in store for you. Place them in the underground cell. With the other he shall meet his fate. The gas must not be turned on till I give the signal. (JACKSON *and* SNAKY, exeunt *with* ROBERT *and* MUGGINS)

Grey. Ha, ha, ha! Who holds the winning hand? (*goes to door* R., *calls* "Kate"; KATE enters) Here, take charge of this girl. But hark you, no treachery. (*threatening*) I'm getting desperate, and one false move on your part, (*with knife*)—well, you understand?

Kate. Of what use would it be to me to help them; they are strangers to me. As for your threats, they do not frighten me.

Grey. There, I meant nothing. My temper got the better of me. (KATE *pauses*) Why do you linger? (*to* LILLIAN) Go girl, with her. Exit, L. *door.*

Lillian. Heaven help me! I am lost to every one for ever. (*bowing head on table*)

Kate. Come, my child, no harm shall befall you if I can help it. Come. Alas, that they should fall into the clutches of those accursed devils—and at the very moment when they were almost certain of success. Well, come what may, I will do all in my power to aid them to escape from this worse than fiend—this Satan. Yet I must be cautious; for should he suspect me of scheming against him, it would cost me my life—my life, that I

can never give up until I have settled my score with him for making me what I am—an outcast from the world. Ah, Elliot Greythorne, you little dream of the trap you are setting for yourself. (*to* LILLIAN) My dear, I will leave you for a while. Keep up a brave heart. You have a friend in me. Exit, R.

Lillian. How much longer must I endure this torture? What will become of me! Father and mother, look down upon your child and send me help that I may escape from this fiend. Poor mother! Why was I not taken instead of you! It would have been much better—much better. (*noise of lock*) Soft, some one is coming!

Enter KATE, R.

Kate. (*goes to* LILLIAN) My poor girl!

Lillian. Thanks, you are my friend, I feel you are! Heaven grant you may never know such misery as I have suffered through this man Elliot Greythorne.

Kate. Ah my poor girl, I know too well the suffering you have been subjected to—for I too have suffered! Years ago this same Elliot Greythorne came to my home and professed love for me! I was young and foolish, and easily gave way to his entreaties. (enter GREYTHORNE *at back; he listens*) You see me now, changed by this man's villainy from an innocent girl to a wretched, heart-broken woman. Ah, Elliot Greythorne, you would make for yourself another victim—go on in your devilish work, but beware! beware!

GREYTHORNE, *comes down; she turns and sees him, quickly draws stiletto from bosom and conceals it with dress.*

Grey. So you would turn traitor, eh!

Kate. Traitor! No! It is you who are the traitor—traitor to all that is right and just. Traitor to yourself; to me whom you once professed to love, whom you swore to protect! For years I have acted as your menial, your slave—have crouched like a whipped cur at your feet. But I will do so no longer. The hour of my retribution is at hand! (*rushes at him and tries to stab him; he grabs knife and throws her on stage, on knee*)

Grey. Ha! Ha! Ha! (*calls*) What ho, there! help! (enter SNAKY *and* JACKSON) Take away this woman—she is mad!

Kate. (*screeches and rushes to door*) I am not mad, Elliot Greythorne—and if I am it is you who made me so!

Grey. Away with her! (*they carry* KATE *off* R.—*to* LILLIAN) Come, Lillian, don't mind that woman; she is crazy. (LILLIAN *bows head on table*) Now don't cry. Whimpering won't help you. I'm well aware this is not a very gorgeous affair for a bridal chamber, but as the wife of a man like me, you

must expect your share of bitter with the sweet. As for those two chaps who tried to aid you, if they are not now in the land of rest they soon will be, for already the fumes of the gas rise at my very feet! The underground cage has settled more than them! (*goes to take her hand*)

Lillian. (*springs up*) Do not touch me!

Grey. Look here, girl! The sooner you conquer this foolish modesty the better it will be for you! You are mine, and you can't help yourself. Will you marry me or not?

Lillian. Never!

Grey. We will see! I'll give you just one hour to reconsider, and if at the end of that time you still refuse my offer, I'll give you bread and water until some of the obstinacy is taken out of you. I'll leave you now. Remember, one hour! I will come for my answer! Exit, *door in flat.*

Lillian. Heaven have mercy on me! (*rushes to door*)

Jim. (enters R., *and goes between her and door*) Yer can't pass here, miss, without the captain's orders! The door is locked, so you had better take things coolly. Exit, *door in flat.*

Lillian. (*falls into chair at table*) All attempt at escape is useless —what shall I do! (*head falls; noise under stage at trap—if there is no trap, at door* L.) It sounds like some one striking blows. Why, the sounds come nearer! Where can it come from? Who can it be? Perhaps some poor wretch like myself, struggling for life and freedom. (*listens*) Why, it is beneath my feet! (*kneels, or goes to door*) What a smell of gas! What does it mean? Work on, whoever you are, and may Heaven grant you success! (*trap raises* C. —ROBERT *appears with shovel, exhausted*)

Robt. Hush! They will hear you!

Lillian. Tell me, why are you here!

Robt. To save you!

Lillian. Me?

Robt. Sh! I can scarcely speak!

Lillian. You are ill?

Robt. No! No! I'm all right now. He thought to kill us by letting gas into the underground cell. Already the fresh air is reviving me—I feel strong again. We must make haste! Trust me to save you!

Lillian. You, a stranger and risk his life for me! I cannot understand. Speak! Who are you?

Robt. Your—friend. *Trust* me, and we will baffle this devil yet! (*goes to trap and whistles*—MUGGINS *appears at trap with pickaxe*)

Mug. Den Opodildoc said unto Plum Duff—"Here we are again."

Robt. Come up, Muggins!

Mug. Oh, I'm a-comin', chalk it down! De air down dere is

too gassy for to suit my delicate constitution. I never could stand gas for a steady diet! Say, I thought we was on de roof! Dat feller Greythorne is a cute one, ain't he? A reglar out and outer, he is. Why, when he first let dat gas loose I was nearly skeered outer my seventeen senses—but I soon got used to it. Oh, I'm seasoned, I am—had salt and pepper rubbed into me afore I was old enough to know beans. (*sees* LILLIAN) Hello! Dere's dat attic angel! (*biz, bowing*)

Robt. (*to* LILLIAN) You can trust him; he's my right bower!

Mug. Oh yes. Don't mind me. I ain't nobody, nohow, am I? (*to* ROBERT)

Lillian. I feel that I can trust you both! But how can I thank you for risking your lives in trying to save me?

Robt. Say no more about it. I would save you were you in forty times your present peril!

Mug. (*slapping him on the back*) Keno! How folks do think alike! Dem's de werry identertical sentiments as was a running thro' my noddle (*sees bottle*) Hallo, what's dis, Cham-pag-ny? (*goes to drink*) Dat gas made me thirsty!

Robt. (*noise off back*) Sh, someone is coming!

Mug. Oh Christmas! (*drops bottle; it breaks*) We're cotched sure! (*picks up bottle neck*)

Robt. We must hide!

Lillian. Quick! Conceal yourselves!

Mug. Where! Oh, how I wish I could swaller myself. Oh Christmas; here's de boss racket! Say, kiver me over wid dis barrel!

Lillian. Yes, that will do! Do not breathe till they are gone.

Mug. All right, miss. I wont breathe for a month!

Robt Sh! (*covers him with barrel*) Now for myself! (*hides—*LILLIAN *feigns sleep on cot*)

Enter SNAKY JIM, *door in flat—he goes to* LILLIAN.

Snaky. Asleep, eh! (*shows locket*) How lucky I was to be near the Vampire when he dropped this. It's the one he got from Bruce the night he cashed in at the "Red Light." I'll hang to it; it's the only pay I shall ever get for my part in that little transaction! There'll be the devil to pay when he finds it gone. I'll collect the rest ov my swag and vamoose. I'll go and turn gentleman—ha! ha! Now for my beauties! (*goes up where* MUG. *is hidden; tries to move barrel; gets on box and takes casket from wall*) I reckon if the boys knew these were here they'd come oftener. (*comes down, box under arm, rubbing hands—*LILLIAN *moves*) Ha! What was that! (*draws knife—rushes up and bends over her; lowers knife slowly*) You'd better not wake now, my lady, or it'll be worse for ye! (*at table*) Ha! my treasures! I've

been years getting ye together! (*takes watch*) Your owner won't tell no tales, I reckon; he's cashed in his checks. (*takes ring*) As for you, you were a hard one to get at—cost the lady as wore you her life! But you're mine now, all mine! (MUG. *sticks head thro' barrel, sees him and comes down in barrel; points bottle nose and taps him on shoulder*)

Snaky. Ah! Who are you!

Mug. Well, I'm a fust cousin to Gineral Grant, and brother-in-law to de Emperor ov China. Dat's my cognomen. I've taken a rushin' big contrac' for to poperlate a private cemetery, and I'm a lookin' for men of jist about your size and weight.

Snaky. What?

Mug. (*repeat*) Wat! (*spells*) W—a—t—e! (SNAKY *goes to call for help when* MUGGINS *claps hand over his mouth*)

Mug. You open your mouth and I'll send yer on a huntin' expedition! (SNAKY *puts hand on pistol*) He—ar! I've got my eye on dat pepper-box; guess you'd better hand it over! (SNAKY *does so*) Correct! Dat's jist what I'm arter! Lucky I broke dat bottle! (*shows it and puts it in pocket*) Den Opodildoc said unto Plum Duff (*turns and sees* SNAKY *who has grabbed knife from table and is about to spring upon him*) "Drop it!" Now den, fust pull out dis way. (SNAKY *hands knife*) Now sit down, and I'll give yer yer supper. It's a wooden one—de same dat yer guv to me; so we're square now, chalk it down! (*putting gag on* SNAKY) Say Bob! (ROBERT *comes forward*)

Robt. Well done, Muggins. And now we must escape. (LILLIAN *comes down*)

Mug. Say, what'll we do with dis animal? Here, baby mine, you lay down and let the gentle heifers fan your alabaster eyebrows. (*takes* JIM *and throws him on stage up* R.)

Robert. Come, we must make haste.

Lillian. (*at door in flat*) It is too late! He is coming.

Robt. Quick, Muggins! hide again, but be ready. (*goes down trap*)

Mug. Oh, I'll be round in spots! (*hides as before;* LILLIAN *at table*)

Lillian. What can he want? Does he suspect?

Enter GREYTHORNE, *door in flat.*

Grey. (*aside*) There is something wrong here. Where is the man that was guarding that door—speak girl!

Lillian. (*aside*) What shall I say?

Grey. (*sees* SNAKY) What's this! (*takes gag from* SNAKY'S *mouth*) Speak man, quick—who put you here?

Snaky. The new pard and his mate—he's there. (*points down trap*)

Grey. Ha, I see it all! The underground passage! Here Jim, take this. (*hands pistol*) Now down with you, and bring him up dead or alive. (exit JIM *down trap, or through door* L.) Now then, to call the boys; (*whistles; to* LILLIAN) and as for you, girl, your blood be on your own head—I'll show no mercy! (*men rush on* L.—JACKSON *at head; during biz.*, enter KATE *leisurely*, R. *and stands at head of crowd*, R., *music hurried, pp. till curtain*) Now then boys, listen to me. What do we with a spy that is found in our midst?

Omnes. Lynch him. Lynch him!

Grey. Ha! There is one among you at this moment!

Omnes. Where! Where!

Grey. There! (*points to trap; gunshot down trap*) Come boys, to the trap! (*they start forward* L.; MUGGINS *rises, and biz*)

Mug. Git back! I'll put a semi-colon right plum atween de eyes of de fust gayloot as interferes!

Kate. And so will I. (*biz* R.,—ROBERT *up trap*)

Jackson. Cuss ye! Do you mean it?

Mug. Chalk it down.

Grey. Ah, at last! Well Jim?

Robt. (*disguised as* JIM) He's dead!

Grey. Good! See to the girl. (ROBERT *goes up and grabs* LILLIAN, *back to audience*)

Grey. (*talks down trap*) I told you I'd fix you. Now Jim, give me the girl!

Robert. No!

Grey. What do you mean?

Robert. I mean that she belongs to me. Jim is dead, and you can't have her! (*throws off disguise, and biz*)

Lillian. Robert! (*biz*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*Street in 1st grooves—lively music to open—lights full.*

Enter POLLUX, R. I. E., *whistling—has basket on arm.*

Pollux. Yah! yah! If dat isn't de finest bird in dis town den I'se a dutchman! I reckon Miss Belinda will jest be tickled to deff when she sees dat! (*shows turkey*) She comes way down here from Fifth Avenue to de Washington Market to patronize de boys

kase dey was kind to her when she was poor and used to sell bouquets down here!

Enter BRUCE, *neatly dressed as letter carrier*, L. I E., *goes to door in flat, whistles and calls name with letter carrier's biz.*

Pollux. (*to carrier*) Say, got any letters for George Washington Pollux Esq.?

Bruce. Why, hello Pollux!

Pollux. Goodness gracious! Why, is dat yo', Mr. Bruce? I didn't know yo'! Why, yo's all dressed up! Letter carrier, eh?

Bruce. Yes, I'm carrying letters for the mail. Some of my old friends got me the position soon after I was acquitted of that scoundrel's charge, who failed to appear to prosecute.

Pollux. Yo' don't say so!

Bruce. Fact Pollux, but what are you doing?

Pollux. Well, at present, I'm carrying Lettuce for the Female. (*shows lettuce*) Ha!

Bruce. Ha! Ha! Very clever! When did you get married?

Pollux. Married! Go 'way, yo's jokin', Mr. Bruce! I 's left de "Red Light" and I 's engaged as body servant to a young lady, and dis am her birthday, and we's goin' to hab a blowout, and I's down here now a layin' in de eatables! When I mention de name ob Montrose de butcher boys all pick out de best dey's got—look at dat bird!

Bruce. Montrose! Why you don't mean Belinda—the little flower girl?

Pollux. Yes! Dat's de gal!

Bruce. Well, well! Come into a fortune, hey?

Pollux. Yes sah! No end ob dust! An ole aunt ob hers, dat she'd neber seed, kicked de bucket and left her all de rocks.

Bruce. I'm glad to hear it; and I trust she will always be the master instead of becoming its slave. By the way, Pollux, whatever became of that young man she used to travel with, Muggins? I haven't seen him for a long time! She hasn't gone back on him, has she?

Pollux. Now look hyar, Mr. Bruce, don't yo' go for to 'sinuate nuffin' like dat agin my missus; she don't go back on nuffin', she don't! She's a trump cyard and hard to beat, you hear me! Why sah, she keered more fer dat feller nor she does for her best Sunday-go-to-meetin' pollynay!

Bruce. But what became of him?

Pollux. Well, dat's a Ka-nundrum dat I can't propound! But he's no slouch, dat feller, he'll turn up some ob dese days, an' when he does, whew! Well, yo's heerd de story in de Bible about de prodigal son a comin' home, how de ole man went out into de barn and killed his best calf in honor ob de 'casion? Well

sah, dat won't be a circumstance. Why, when Mr. Muggins turns up—dar'll be a whole bull slaughtered now. You hear me!

Bruce. Well Pollux, I hope he'll show up all right. But I must be going!

Pollux. Yas, dat's a fact! I'm goin' your way; 'spose you's no rejections to my goin' along wid yer!

Bruce. Not at all. But come. Exit R.

Pollux. (*to audience*) Now, who'd a thought it? A little while ago, he was no better than a bum; and to-day he's a man. And when a man is a man—well, he's something in dis country. I's got to make a call on a colored female down dis way, an' 'spose she's a-waiting for me, so I'll light out. Exit R.

Enter ROBERT *and* LILLIAN, L. I E.

Robert. At last, Lillian, after all our troubles we return again to the scenes of the past. I trust our trials are now at an end!

Lillian. Robert, let us try to forget all we have suffered and think only of our present happiness!

Robert. You are right; we'll let the past take care of itself and think only of the future. And yet there are times, Lillian, when, try as I may, I cannot crush those dark shadows out of my memory. But pshaw! I've got you back again and I'm sure I've every reason to be thankful. I wonder where Muggins can be; I thought we might find him about here—that is why I came this way. However, he is to meet me at the hotel at two o'clock.

Lillian. Robert, what a dear kind friend he has proven himself to be!

Robert. So he has! We owe him much and I am sure we shall never forget him. But come, let us go to the hotel; it is nearly lunch time.

Lillian. How lovely everything seems, and how happy I am!

Robert. We have good cause to be happy. Come.

Exeunt ROBERT *and* LILLIAN, R.

Enter BELINDA L. I E. *flashily dressed.*

Belinda. I wonder where that Pollux can be! Gemini! How natural it does seem to be down here in the old place once more. It seems so strange to think that only a few months ago I was travelling through these very streets selling bouquets for a living; and now I'm a real lady with plenty of everything! The idea of that old aunt of mine popping off the handle and leaving me all her money when she'd never even seen me since I was a little wee bit of a baby! Well, I ought not to complain, It's my place to be very happy I suppose. I've plenty of money and lots of nice dresses, but still there's something missing. I wonder what it is!

Enter MUGGINS *flashily dressed,* R. I E., *whistling.*

Mug. (*sees* BELINDA) Golly! Who's dat? Christmas, it's Belinda! (*whistles*)

Belinda. (*hears whistle*) Why, I thought I was alone! Oh my! What a swell! (*tries to see his face which* MUGGINS *hides behind collar*)

Mug. I wonder if she recognizes me!

Belinda. Gemini, what a collar! Wonder who he is! I can't see his face, but I've seen that figure somewhere before now. (R.) What! Can it be! Yes, 'tis he!

Mug. (L. *turns*) Belinda! (*they embrace*)

Belinda. Bless me, it's my Mug!

Mug. No, it's my mug!

Belinda. 'Tis him!

Mug. 'Tis her!

Belinda. That voice!

Mug. Those feet! Can I forget those feet? never! Belinda Jane, embrace, your Mug! (*Biz, kiss*) Then Opodildoc said unto Plum Duff, "repeat the dose!"

Belinda. Oh Muggy, is it really you?

Mug. You can bet your suspenders on it; chalk it down!

Belinda. Wherever did you come from? and where did you get 'em? (*referring to clothes*)

Mug. Had a room mate, and I got up first.

Belinda. Where have you been?

Mug. Well, de last place I left was dat Mulberry Street mansion dat you used to hang out in! I thought perhaps you might have left something behind you dat would tell me where yer had gone. So I got up to de room, I opened de door an' a great big yaller dog leaped at me. I lit out for de stairs but he was too sudden an' I set right down in dat dog's mouth. Oh! Belinda, I never imagined that so much agony could be jammed into one little minute.

Belinda. Did he hurt you?

Mug. Well yes, he worried me a little. (*turns*) I shall take my meals standing for a month to come! (*shows patch*)

Belinda. What's that?

Mug. What is it! You'd better ax de other dog; he did it. They're not my pants either. But dat dog won't bother me no more, I reckon. (*shows tail*)

Belinda. Gracious! What is it?

Mug. I inserted my molars into dat dog's narrative an' he'll fly his tail half mast for de rest ov his existence!

Belinda. (*laughing*) Oh, what a horrible tail!

Mug. What will Bob say? De next pair ov trousers I git, I'll

take out an insurance policy on 'em agin accidents! But say, Belinda, how do you like de style?

Belinda. Splendiferous!

Mug. Hey?

Bel. Splendiferous!

Mug. Don't reckernise de word.

Bel. Beautiful!

Mug. What! Why, git your optical organs onto dat collar. I reckon dat becomes my style ov beauty! How's dem trowserloons? Dey're what I call daisies.

Belinda. Say, Mug, how will you ever get out of them?

Mug. Wall, I dunno. I reckon I'll have to be melted down and run out.

Bel. But say, Mug, where have you been ever since the night you was going to take me to Jim Donovan's swarry?

Mug. Where have I been? I've been out fightin' injuns.

Bel. Did you kill any?

Mug. Kill any! Why say, I've brought home scalps enough to cover a hair trunk!

Bel. Scalps!

Mug. S-k-u-l-p-s—scalps, dat's what I said! I've been wid a friend ov mine, a tryin' to rescue his sister from de hands ov a villyan.

Belinda. What did he do?

Mug. What did he do! What didn't he do! Who didn't he do! Hoop de dood-el-do—don't ax me, 'cause every time I think ov it I git so mad I feel jest like killin' somebody.

Bel. Oh, isn't it romantic! Just like a play.

Mug. Well, I reckon dere warn't much play about it; but say, Belinda, where did yer raise dem garments?

Bel. Oh, I'm a heiress. I've fallen into a fortune since you went away.

Mug. Go 'way!

Bel. Yes indeed! I don't sell bouquets no more. I'm a lady.

Mug. You don't say so! Well, I never should have known it.

Bel. (*aside*) I must plague him a little. (*indignantly*) Sir! Well, good bye. I must be going. (*starting to go*)

Mug. Say, hold on, Belinda.

Bel. Can't stop. Willie is a waitin' for me!

Mug. Oh, Willie is a waitin', is he! Willie! Say, who is Willie when he's home?

Bel. Why, he's my steady company!

Mug. Oh! Yer steady company, hey! Willie! I'll bet a peanut that Willie parts his hair in the middle. Well, look here Belinda, if I run agin Willie, I'll bite Willie's ear off—chalk it down.

Bel. (*coaxingly*) There, there, Mug; there isn't any Willie. (*chin biz*) I was only fooling you! Ain't you glad?

Mug. Yes, I'm glad for Willie's sake!

Bel. But I must be going. This is my birthday, and I'm down here making some purchases. Won't you come with me, Mug?

Mug. You're sure dere ain't no Willie?

Bel. Certain! (*song introduced*)

Mug. All right; hitch! And on de way, I'll take you down and introduce you to some friends of mine. Propel!

Exeunt MUGGINS *and* BELINDA, L. I E.

Enter GREYTHORNE *and* JACKSON, R. I E.

Grey. I confess that I have been beaten for the time, Jackson, but I will win the game yet! I've traced them; they are stopping in Fifth Avenue. But come, why not let me have the locket? Give it to me!

Jackson. No! Not until I have the cash in my hands; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Grey. Yes, I know all this; but you see it is necessary for me to have the locket! Without it I cannot carry out my plans! I must have it, and I will have it. With it in my possession I can go to Robert Bruce and plead the penitent; by so doing he will be thrown off his guard and think that I have given up the game. Then, when the chance offers, I will get Lillian once more into my power; and then I defy them all to take her from me. So you see, Jim, I'm desperate. Give it to me at once!

Jackson. I've told yer once for all, yer won't get the locket till I get the money.

Grey. I won't, hey! (*strikes him with slung shot; he falls; chord; hurried music to end of scene*) You fool, you forced me to it! (*searches pockets, finds locket*) Ha! At last! No one saw me! Now then, to try my last chance. **Exit** *hurriedly*, R. I E.

Enter BRUCE, L. I E.

Bruce. (*after* GREYTHORNE'S *exit*) Why, hello, what's this! (*feeling breast*) He's not dead—he's only stunned; a tough clip though. It'll send him to the hospital, I reckon. (JACKSON *recovering*) Why, hello, he's coming to. Come with me, my friend. It's all right. (**Exit** R. I E.,—*scene changes to*)

Scene II.—*Parlor in 3d grooves—doors* C., R. *and* L.—C. D. *showing window backed by street—sofa* L. C.—*table and chairs* R. C. —*chairs at back to dress stage—lively music, eight bars.*

Enter POLLUX, C. D., *puffing.*

Pollux. Whew! Here I is home ag'in at last! I'se all out of

breff! I reckon Miss Belinda must t'ink dat I'se done run off for good and all! Hi, golly! I wonder whar she am. She's done gone out, dat's what she's done! Golly! I bet she's gone out to look for me! Whew! When she comes in, I'll cotch it suah! I know what I'll do, I'll just relieve myself of dese raiments and dust up de furniture; den when she comes in I'll take my Solomon Alfred David dat I was in de house fo' de last two hours! (*takes off coat, and biz with duster—door bell rings off* L. 3 E.) Hallo! dar's Miss Belinda now! I t'ink I'll jes' let her ring awhile, den I'll say I was down in de kitchen and didn't hear her. (*ring off*) Yes, dat's her, suah! I kin allus tell her ring. (*ring off*) Dat's right, bust de whole business! Hi, golly, won't she be mad! (*long ring off*) Whew! She's mad now! I reckon I'd better let her in afore she gits too mad, or she might come in here and pull my hair out! She's big as a sawmill when she's wexed! (*ring off*) Yes ma'am! All right! I's coming! etc.

Exit C. D. *and* re-enter *with* BELINDA.

Belinda. (L.) What do you mean by keeping me waiting a half hour on the doorstep?

Pollux. (R.) Hi, golly, missus, was dat you what was ringin' all de time?

Belinda. Why certainly, who did you think it was?

Pollux. Well, you see, missus, I was down in de kitchen an' I heerd de bell go jingle jingle, dat way, so I started for de door, when jes' as I got half way up de stars, way goes de bell agin, jingle jingle! Hi, golly, says I, Pollux dat isn't your missus, dem's burglers suah, dey musn't git in here or dey'll carry off all de furniture, den de bell go ag'in; den I change my mind, an' I say to myself, no sar! Pollux, dem isn't burglers, dem's somebody else; den anoder ring, *den* I say, now p'r'raps dat's missus arter all! Den I goes to de door and dar you is, suah enuff!

Belinda. I am glad you concluded to let me in at last! I ought to be very angry with you, but I can't be angry to-day with anybody!

Pollux. T'ank yo', missus; it's your birthday, isn't it? Well, I wish you may live to see a t'ousand of 'em.

Belinda. Thank you, Pollux. I've met an old friend of mine and I'm very happy.

Pollux. Say, missus, an old friend?

Belinda. A very old friend!

Pollux. Not Mr. Muggins!

Belinda. Yes! He's come back.

Pollux. What, really?

Belinda. Really!

Pollux. Truly?

Belinda. Truly!

Pollux. Hooray! Say, missus, whar is he?

Belinda. He's on his way here now with some friends.

Pollux. (*dusting very rapidly*) Hi, golly ! Now dar *will* be a picnic ! yah ! yah ! (*in his excitement he begins dusting* BELINDA, L.)

Belinda. (R.) Here ! Here ! What are you about ?

Pollux. Well, I'm about tickled to deff, Missus. I reckon I'd better go down to de kitchen an' help de cook peel dem 'taters an' git de dinner ready—um ! De lost sheep am returned ! Hooray ! I'll go down an' git square on dat cook ! I'll give her a hug dat will bust her gizard, you hear me ! Exit, *excitedly.*

Belinda. Poor Pollux, he's half crazy. Ha ! ha ! ha ! And I do believe I'm nearly as bad myself ! Lord ! How nice it will be with Muggy home again once more ! And then there's Miss Lillian and her brother too. Oh dear ! Was ever a girl so very very happy ! (*bell rings—calling*) Pollux ! There's the bell !

Enter POLLUX C. D., *speaking as he crosses ; very lively.*

Pollux. Yes, Miss, dat's him ! I seed him frough de sky-light ! Shoo ! Exit, C. D.

Belinda. I wonder how he'll like my new home. I'll pretend not to be thinking of him. (*takes book and sits on sofa* L. C., *reading*)

Re-enter POLLUX *and* MUGGINS ; *biz of shaking hands*—POLLUX *pantomimes* MUGGINS *to kiss her*—MUGGINS *comes down on tiptoe back of sofa, clasps hands over* BELINDA'S *eyes and kisses her*—POLLUX *raises hands in ecstacy, and exclaims* "Shoo ! "

Mug. (*looking around in admiration*) Say, Belinda, dis beats de Mulbery Street mansion, don't it ! Where did you git all de furniture ?

Belinda. Why, I bought it !

Mug. Did, hey ! (*feeling chair*) Christmas, ain't dem soft kivers !

Belinda. Yes ; come and sit down, Mug.

Mug. (*biz of sitting*) Gewillikins ! Say, Belinda, if I lived here an' had such cheers as dem, I should be sittin' down all de time.

Belinda. Are your friends coming soon ?

Mug. Yes, dey're on the way here now ! I run ahead 'cause I had a little private shopping to do on my own hook !

Belinda. What, you ! Why, what did you buy ?

Mug. Well, it's in my vest pocket there ; (*pointing to pocket*) you can take it out an' see for yourself !

Belinda. (*biz, takes ring from pocket*) Why, it's a ring !

Mug. Yes, dat's what de jeweller called it !

Belinda. But, mug, it's a lady's ring !

Mug. Yes, a young lady dat looks a good deal like you ! It's an engagement ring ! It's your birthday, an' that's my present. (*takes her hand and slips ring on her finger*) Will you wear it, Belinda ?

Belinda. Oh Mug! I—that is—oh dear! (*wipes eyes and rests head on his shoulder*)

Mug. Now, don't go crying, 'cause dere isn't any need of dat! I mean business, I do! Everybody is gettin' married nowadays, an' you're nobody if you ain't in de fashion. Why, Belinda, you and me has known each other ever since we were little bits of things no higher nor a chaw of tobacker; it's time for us to git spliced an' settle down an' help swell de census like other folks!

Belinda. Oh, Muggy dear, I'm so glad!

Mug. Yes, I'm glad you're glad! Will you marry me!

Enter POLLUX, C. D.

Belinda. I'm—afraid—I—will.

Mug. Hurrah!

Pollux. (*at* C. D.) Hurrah!

Mug. Why, hallo, Coal-dust; what are you yelling about?

Pollux. Please Miss, dar's somebody at de door!

Mug. It's Bob!

Belinda. Show them up, Pollux.

Mug. Yes, show them up, George Washington. Lively now—git! Oh how I will make dat coon stand around when I am master ov all I survey! Belinda, I'm so happy I'm half crazy. It seems like a dream. Bite my finger an' see if I'm awake. (*she does so*) Hold on, it's all right! Hurray! (*to* R.)

Re-enter POLLUX *with* ROBERT, LILLIAN *and* KATE—BELINDIA *to* KATE *and* LILLIAN, L. C., *up*.

Robt. You see we're here according to agreement, Miss Montrose. Why Muggins, what's the matter—you look excited?

Mug. Excited! Say, Belinda, come here. (*introducing*) Bob, Mrs. Muggins dat is to be!

Robt. What!

Mug. Fact, Bob! I've popped; ax her. I'll name de fust babby arter you, hurrah!

Belinda. (*down* C.) There! There! Muggy, keep quiet!

Mug. Quiet! I can't! I shall stand on my head in a minute, I know I shall! (*takes chair*, R.)

Robt. Miss Montrose, I congratulate you. (*crosses to* R. C.)

Lillian. And I——

Kate. And I, with all my heart!

Lillian. If he is as true to you as he has been to us, you will have no cause to complain.

Mug. (*on chair*) Hurrah! (BELINDA *crosses to* MUG.)

Robt. (L. C. *and* L.; *to* BELINDA) I'm afraid you will have to take him in hand; he is getting unruly. (*laugh*)

Lillian. (*down* C.) You have a beautiful home here, Miss Montrose. How happy it must make you to meet your old friend on your birthday!

Belinda. (R. C.) I am very happy indeed!

Lillian. (C.) Kate, do you not feel better here than you did in the scenes you have left?

Kate. (L. C.) A thousand times! The air seems laden with peace and happiness, and reminds me of the times when I too was happy!

Lillian. And it shall be my duty to make you so again; and I am sure Miss Montrose will aid me.

Belinda. With all my heart! But come to my room and remove your bonnets! Come!

Exeunt KATE, LILLIAN *and* BELINDA, L. D.

Mug. (*rises*, R.) Well Bob, how do you like her?

Robt. (C.) Very much! She is just what we need. With her around we will soon have Kate as happy as ourselves! (re-enter LILLIAN, L.—ROBERT L. C.) Lillian!

Lillian. Oh Robert, how happy I am with so many kind friends around us! Our suffering of the past seems like a dream! (*bell rings*)

Enter POLLUX, C. D.

Mug. Hallo! More visitors?

Pollux. Dar's a gemman at de door says he would like to see Mr. Robert Bruce, sah!

Robt. Some one for me?

Pollux. Yes sah! oh, I forgot; dar's his keerd, sah. (*handing card*)

Robt. (*reading*) Elliot Greythorne.

Lillian. Oh, Robert!

Mug. Oh, Christmas!

Robt. Have no fear Lillian, he will do us no harm!

Pollux. Shall I show him up, sah?

Mug. Yes, Ebony; tell him to come up an' be sure an' wipe his feet on de door mat! (exit POLLUX, C. D.) Bob, if he says a word slug him! I'll stand by you!

Enter POLLUX *with* GREYTHORNE, C. D.

Grey. Ah, you seem surprised; you did not expect me! (*biz*, MUGGINS *shakes fist at* GREYTHORNE—exit MUGGINS C. D.)

Robt. (C.—LILLIAN L. C.) We were certainly not anxious to see you again. You will be kind enough to state your business here, that we may end this interview as quickly as possible.

Grey. (R. C.) You mistake the object of my visit. I am here to

make amends for the past and to ask your forgiveness for that which I now consider was my folly.

Robt. (*aside*) What can be his object in doing this? (*direct*) Sir, I am at a loss to comprehend your motive in taking this step.

Grey. Listen, and I will explain! (*music, piano*)

Enter KATE *and* BELINDA, L.

Grey. What, Kate! Confound it! (*crosses to* L.)

Robt. It seems that it is now your turn to be surprised.

Kate. Elliot Greythorne, what do you want here! Do not attempt any more of your deception! Whoever else you may deceive, you cannot deceive me! I know you too well! I know you for the mean, treacherous being that you are!

Grey. Well, if you know me as you say you do, you will understand me when I tell you that I am here for a purpose and will not be balked. Bah! Look here Kate, be sensible; let by-gones be by-gones.

Kate. It may be easy for you to forget the past, but by me it can never be forgotten, never! Look, Elliot Greythorne, do you see that scar? Do you know what it is? It is the mark of a knife wielded by your hand! When that blow ceases to show its mark, then, and not till then, can I forget the past! I loved you once, and you, meaner than a crawling reptile, fawning upon that love, thought to force me into assisting you to deceive a young and trusting girl, whilst in mockery you wished to place upon her brow the wifely crown. But it was an empty crown you would have placed there, for in it there was no honor! All this you tried to do through me—me, your wife! Elliot Greythorne, my love for you has turned to bitter hatred. I know enough of your crimes to place you in a dungeon for the rest of your life. Leave this house before I deliver you into the hands of justice—Go! (*crosses* R. *and up to* LILLIAN, L. C.)

Grey. I will go; but first I'll settle accounts with you forever! (*rushes at* KATE *with knife when* ROBERT *seizes him and gets knife; to* R.)

Robt. Hold, man! Do not add murder to your list of crimes! Are you not aware that officers are even now upon your track?

Grey. What! (*rushes toward* C. D.)

Enter MUGGINS, JACKSON *and* BRUCE—JACKSON, *pale and haggard, leans on* BRUCE *for support.*

Robt. (*rushing to meet* BRUCE, *shaking hands warmly*) Father! Ah, this indeed is happiness!

Bruce. My dear boy! In the past your father was weak, and yielded to temptation. But have no fear for the future.

Robert. (*finger on lip*) Bury the past. Live for the future!

Mug. (*to* GREY.) Look here, old stick-in-the-mud, your game is up. Them as will dance must pay de fiddler. You've been dancing de devil's horn-pipe for a long time, and now de ole gent is going to pass round de hat, and he won't forgit you—chalk it down. (GREYTHORNE *motions him to stand aside*) What?

Grey. Stand aside. (*goes toward* C. D.)

Jackson. (*very weak*) Hold on, Cap! I'm dying, I am! I done what I could for this man you and I wronged. (*meaning* BRUCE) You did your work well! They said I would not live to get here, but I did! ah! I'm dying, Cap, but I've strength enough left to pull a trigger! (*produces pistol and fires quickly*)

Grey. I'm shot! (*falls, and biz*, R.)

Jackson. (*very weak*) I swore to be even with you for that blow, and I've done it! Ah! (*dies*)

Pollux. He's done gone, sah! (*to* ROBERT)

Robt. Poor fellow, take him away! (*to* C.)

Exit POLLUX *with* JACKSON.

Grey. The game is up! Robert Bruce—ah! here quick! (ROBERT *goes to him*) Here, take this locket; open—the cover—then press your finger on the top—and you will find a paper. (ROBERT *has done biz during speech*) Read it! Ah! Curse him, he has given me my death blow!

Robt. (KATE *to* R.) Ah! (*reads*) "To my dear son Robert; you, being the hope of my life, I bequeath to you a trust on my dying bed which you will sacredly fulfil! I was years ago engaged to your father, when one Walter LaFerne, a noted gambler, tried to win my affections and make me his wife. I declined his offer and married your father, a true and noble gentleman! When this La Ferne heard of my marriage, he sought to wreak his vengeance upon another, a poor defenceless orphan who had a younger sister to care for and protect. He one night sought her at her home and abducted her, leaving the other alone and friendless. I adopted her; she whom you have known as Lillian, your sister, is that homeless orphan; her real name is Lillian Hope!" (KATE *utters a scream and sinks into chair*)

Robt. Kate! Speak! What is it?

Kate. (*rising*) Cannot you see! He is Walter La Ferne. (*points to* GREY.) and you are my sister! (LILLIAN *utters a scream; they rush together and embrace*, R. C.)

Mug. (L.) Fol de roll—Belinda!

Belinda. Mug! (*they embrace*)

Grey. Go on—quick—you have more to read!

Robt. Yes, yes. (*reads*) "Six years after our marrige our little Freddie was stolen from us, by whom you can well guess; search was made for him in every direction, but in vain. Robert, my son, I enjoin it upon you to hunt this man to the end, that you may find your brother. You will know him by a deep red scar just

below the right elbow. Heaven bless you, my dear son, and farewell till we meet hereafter!" (LILLIAN *and* KATE, *clasped in each other's arms, weeping*)

Grey. 'Tis true, Robert Bruce. I have been the Nemesis of your family—ah! I—had—your brother stolen by an old witch in the lower part of—the city, who soon after—turned him out to starve. Robert, your brother stands there. (*points to* MUGGINS)

Mug. (L.) Oh Lord! (*drops into* BELINDA'S *arms*)

Belinda. (*pulls up his right sleeve*) And there's the scar!

Grey. Ah!—ugh—Robert—Lillian—Kate—forgive me.

Robt. (*bending over him*) Ask forgivness there; (*points up*) it is to Him you owe it!

Grey. Ah! (*dies*)

Enter POLLUX *with officer who hands paper to* ROBERT.

Robt. (C.) You are too late! Elliot Greythorne is no more! He has gone before a higher judge than you would take him to. (*points*) He has lived a bold bad man, but in his dying moments he has in some measure atoned for the past. Take him away! (*officer and* POLLUX *bear* GREYTHORNE *off* C. D.)

Mug. (*to* R.) Use him gently; he was reared in de lap of luxury! Drop him in de ash barrel! (*goes to* BRUCE) Pop, shake!

Robt. (*to* MUGGINS) Brother! (*holds out hand*)

Mug. (*shaking hands warmly with* ROBERT) Oh, Christmas! (*takes hand*) My head is all in a whirl. (*wipes eyes*) I shall have to get on de outsquirts ob dis house an' have a yell all to myself! (*to* BELINDA) I told you I'd make a lady of you! Hurrah!

Belinda. (R., *sharply*) Muggy!

Mug. (*meekly*) Yes dear!

Kate. (*down* L. C.) Robert, allow me to call you so, I know not how to thank you for all that you have done!

Robt. Then do not try! There is an old saying that Truth is stranger than fiction; and in our case it has indeed been so, for what seemed an affliction has proved a blessing!

Lillian. (L. C.) True, Robert! For through it I have found a sister!

Belinda. And I my Muggy!

Robt. And I a brother. (*have curtain ready*)

Mug. Say, Bob, (*biz*) dat angel over dere is casting sheep's eyes at you! Now de honor of our family demands dat you brace up and ax her to marry you—but not now—wait till dis evenin'—let her git kinder quieted like, for if she feels anything like I do she isn't 'sponsible for what she says. But she won't say "no," don't you be afeard! Den you shall all come here and live with us; and Kate, why she shall take care of the babbies!

Belinda. Muggy!

Mug. Yes dear! Lord, what a family we shall make! Hurrah!

Bruce. Ah, children, this is happiness indeed!

Robt. Yes, we have all found many friends; but let us not forget our kind friends here. Staunch friends that have seen us through all our troubles; and let us hope that as they have seen us tried, they have found us true!

TABLEAU.

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MUGGINS. KATE.

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ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Aunt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness."—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.— Death of St. Clare.—"Eva—Eva—I am coming"

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—"My soul ain't yours, Mas'r."—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

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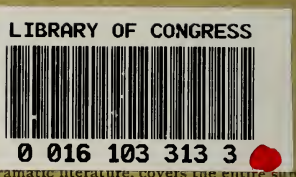

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